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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 621.] SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



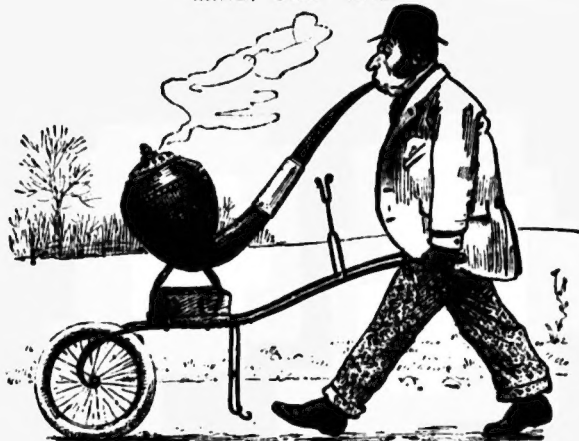
A TRIAL TRIP.

"If Poor Papa had not been an eminent 'littérateur,' he would have blossomed into a second Edison. His latest invention is a Motor-Car, which he maintains is superior to all others. It was distinctly unfortunate, though, that after the Prince had kindly consented to take part in a trial trip, something should go suddenly wrong with the works. Dad explained afterwards that the hydraulic lever, acting obliquely upon the starboard piston, had congealed the necessary supply of oxygen; but H.R.H. hardly seemed satisfied, and sarcastically recommended Papa to turn his attention to infernal machines."—TOOTSIE.

ENJOYMENT.

MIND. ONLY ONE.

"JEREMY DIDDLE."



Our friend Bloggins has been told by his doctor that he must take plenty of exercise, and only smoke one pipe a day. Bloggins, who's a bit of an engineer, has just invented a machine which enables him to carry out the doctor's instructions to the letter. He's sure to get well now.

ONE bright, sunny day, in the autumn of 1839, the smartest stage-coach on the road deposited at the door of the best inn in Monmouthshire, a fashionably-dressed gentleman, his valise, umbrella, and walking-stick.

He asked to be conducted to the best room and provided at dinner with the best that the house could produce. Here was something like a traveller. The landlord fussed about, the landlady gave her advice, the cook was entreated to do her utmost, and the waiter threw heart and soul into the laying of the tablecloth.

The distinguished guest gave his name as Fenton, and said that he expected letters. Then, when it was ready, he ate his dinner and drank the best wine there was in the cellar. For over a week Mr. Fenton lived at the hotel. No letters came for him, but his table was daily crowded with luxuries, and the best bin in the cellar suffered seriously.

At the end of that period Mr. Fenton fell ill and lost his appetite. Nothing could then be kinder than the behaviour of the host, hostess, and household, and they also called in the first medical advice procurable. The exact nature of the complaint from which he suffered is not stated, but it lasted a fortnight, and the physic and attendance came to nine pounds.

At length, however, the idea occurred to the guest that an airing would do him good, and a day's trip was suggested by coach, to visit the ruins of an ancient castle in the

"Faith, Pat, I allers do look forward to our Saturday evenings for a bit of fun, but this blessed day we've had more of a trate than usual."

neighbourhood. The idea was generally approved of. He took his seat on the coach. The landlord promised that a nice dinner should be awaiting him on his return. The landlady begged him to take a neck-scarf with him, as it might be chilly coming home. The chambermaids upstairs smiled and fluttered their cap ribbons.

But the coach came home that night without Mr. Fenton. He had, the coachman said, continued his journey into the lower part of Wales. It was very strange behaviour, and the more the landlord thought of it the less he liked it.

A week passed away and there were no signs of the distinguished one, and then the landlord began to grow very wild. At last he put an advertisement in the county paper, giving a full, true, and not over flattering account of the transaction.

The very day it appeared—Mr. Fenton having then been absent a fortnight—the missing gentleman arrived again by the coach, and just as if nothing had happened, said he might stay a few days longer, ordered a rattling good luncheon and THE BILL!

Supposing, after all, he should be all right (he looked as big a swell as ever) how about that awful advertisement?

"Newspaper for gentleman in No. 5," bawled the waiter. Merciful Powers, what was to be done? There was only one way of escape. They must cut out and destroy the wretched thing, hoping that their guest would hear nothing of the matter. Whether he did or did not cannot be said, but he remained as affable as ever. He had not as yet paid his bill, but he still lived on the best, and now owed his landlord another five pounds.

Then suddenly he, his valise, his umbrella, and walking-stick mysteriously disappeared.

The landlord raved. He sent a friend in every direction to make inquiries, and the runaway was at last discovered by one of the landlord's friends eating a sumptuous breakfast at a distant hotel in Ross. The landlord's agent called him a shabby vagabond, at which he was surprised and indignant, and swore that he was about to return and pay his bill.

He did not do so, of course, nor did he pay for his breakfast, but once again melted into thin air amidst the curses of his victims.

THE KORS OF TROO LUV.

Has Hallexandri still smilin aproch the unbeknownt maidin a idjus shreick wrend the are.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Sorry, J. F. GOODE, we cannot find a space for verses sent. Much obliged for sending cutting. But we'd seen it, A. F. DENT. Far too long for us to answer. Ask your pastor, A. A. C. Not on our account, DELUDED; It's an easy thing to see. Thanks for offer, but it's hardly up to our artistic mark. You enclosed no stamps for postage. Will you do so, PHILIP CLARK? Utterly distinct, A READER. Try again, then, F. E. L. ALLY doesn't know, SUBANNAH; How on earth is he to tell?

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HEARTLESS SIREN.



Viscount Slisher. Then I may stop and talk as long as I like? So awfully good of you! Sha'n't I bore you? Mildred de Tartay. Not in the least; I'm going out. [It's shameful the way she treats the young Viscount.]

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Indignant Father. I really cannot understand how it is that you manage to contract your debts.

Spendthrift Son. Contract 'em, guv'nor; that's just what I wish I could do, but it seems to me I'm enlarging 'em every day.

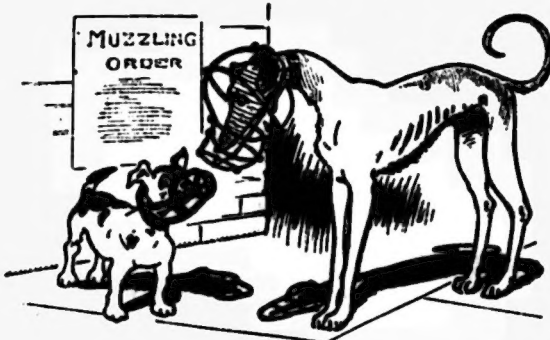
"I CAN'T talk to you for a few minutes," said Mrs. Jawley, as she came in, nipped with the bitter east wind. "I'm nearly frozen to death." "Don't worry, dear," said Mr. J., "your teeth are fully keeping up your reputation for chattering."

MARRIAGE is a fearful disillusionist, and Spooner, who was always praising his girl's teeth, says he found this out when the dentist sent in a bill for a top and bottom set the week after the honeymoon.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 621.—The "Scorcher Cycling" Costume.



Big Dog (noticing little dog's leather muzzle). Hullo, Bermondsey! Little Dog (returning the compliment). Wot cheer, Birmingham!



STUNNING, EH?

SKY-LARKING. An enthusiastic tract distributor giving London a doing.

"Haw—a gweat invention! Bai Jove! Think I shall take out a—haw—patent for it, doncher-know."



AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

One of the new girls at the "Friv." She told Tootsie she dreams of ALLY regularly every night.

Papa says very wicked words about it, but he's no soul for music, poor man.

First Deak Boy. By jove! that's a clinking new barmaid they've got at the Gaiety; her beauty's absolutely dazzling.

Second Deak Boy. Ah, really; I thought I noticed you winking at her, old chappie.

"I DIDN'T know you were of foreign extraction," said a lady, whose companion had endeavoured by his conversation to convert that impression. "Well, no, not exactly," he responded, thus directly challenged, "but an aunt of mine married an Italian warehouseman."

Master. Now, Smith, Jun., we have the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, the garnet and the turquoise; tell me the name of another important gem?

Pupil (after a pause). Don't know, sir.

Master. Tut, tut, what do we get from oysters, now?

Pupil (promptly). Diphtheria, sir.

THE wife should in her husband place

Unbounded faith, they say.

But the wife is in a sorry case

Who, on the Sabbath day,

Says, "Two o'clock for dinner, dear!

I hope you'll punctual be!"

And—expects to see her lord appear

Ere the public close at three!

Very Tall Undergrad. Yes, I've got to be a bit careful, you know, my guv'nor's designed me for the Church.

Short Undergrad. Has he, though; I'd have thought you were far more fitted for the steeple.

Johnkins (to M.P.'s Secretary). I see your boss has been speaking again. He can make a thundering good speech, you know.

The Secretary. He certainly knows how to deliver one; but pardon me, you know, I make them. That's what I'm paid for.

"POOR old Bibbler! I'm really sorry for him—he's become a confirmed dipsomaniac." "You don't say so! I always thought he was a Free Methodist."

Dick. What a curious thing it is that an ugly fellow like Bob should have such good-looking sisters and brothers.

Harry. Not at all. Nature must have been precious short of ugly material after she'd done with Bob, that she had to start on the handsome.

"WELL, Frank, my boy, and how are you getting on in your profession?" asked the genial old uncle of his young nephew, who was articled to a firm of solicitors. "Splendidly, uncle, thanks," was the reply; "I've been so stuffed with law, that it's all I can do to prevent myself cheating 'somebody.'"

WHILE yet alive was good Queen Anne,

Her virtue and her bounty

Were such, that praises of her ran

Like wildfire through each county.

But, after death, her angel face

Was turned by tears to redness,

To find she'd taken a door-nail's place

As—the type of downright deadness!

First Clerk. You look tired, old man.

Second Clerk. Yes, been up all night.

First Clerk. Ball?

Second Clerk (with a yawn). No, bawl. Kept up by my second youngster cutting his first tooth.

The Defendant's Friend (after looking over voluminous papers). Upon my word, I can't make anything out of this case.

The Defendant (bitterly). No, and from what I can see nobody else will make anything out of it, except the lawyers.

Boy (doing housework). One hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand—er—er—what comes after a hundred thousand pounds, mamma?

Mother (possibly speaking from bitter experience). A husband, my dear, if it is in the possession of a woman.

"GRECIAN" BENEFITS.

THE old Grecian Theatre, in the City Road, was a wonderful nursery of talent in the days of George Conquest. Harry Monkhouse, Harry Nicholls, Herbert Campbell and Arthur Williams are only a few among many admirable comedians who graduated there—and the last named gentleman has a rich storehouse of memories concerning the Grecian Theatre, or Eagle Tavern.

Nowadays, says Mr. Williams, when an artiste takes a benefit during the run of an engagement, he usually shares the proceeds with the proprietor. When the present popular Gaiety actor was stock low comedian at the old Grecian, things were arranged differently, for the man who desired a benefit had to pay something like thirty pounds for the theatre, and chance what money came in beyond that amount. This monetary payment resulted in some curious combinations, the leading comedian frequently going into partnership with a check-taker, and the leading lady going halves in a "ben." with her dresser. And the usual consequence was that a benefit generally left the performer's salary mortgaged for some months ahead.

One gentleman at the Grecian was announced for a benefit, and he asked Mr. Williams to suggest a "bill" for him. In a jocular mood, Arthur suggested the following glut of excitement:

The Octoroon!

Jack Robinson's Monkey!!

Maria Martin!!!

But this bloodthirsty programme, however, commended itself to the patrons of the Eagle, and the house was full. The proprietor of the theatre was not a man to waste money on extra scenery, especially for a benefit, and shift had to be made with the small stock on hand. One scene had originally been the first scene in a pantomime. It represented "The Abode of Old Father Time," and was a kind of magician's chamber, lined with mortars, batteries, retorts, crucibles, wonderful red bottles, and the usual paraphernalia of the ordinary alchemist. They used that scene twice in the Octoroon, once in Jack Robinson's Monkey, and it had finally to do duty as the famous Old Red Barn, in which Maria Martin was decisively done to death. The lights were turned down low so as to hide the familiar red bottles as much as possible, and the cruel murder was duly accomplished in the energetic Grecian fashion, the grave dug, and the body buried. It was in this scene that Maria's father, deeply grieved, and hunting for his misbegotten daughter, picked up a huge property thigh-bone, and exclaimed to Mr. Williams, in the midst of a most affecting situation:

"Dear me! I think the Cordwainers have been holding their beanfeast here!"

Afterwards the company adjourned to the Green Gate, opposite, to talk over the performance. It was also being debated in the four-ale bar, and Arthur Williams heard one young gentleman say:

"Where 'ave yer bin, Bill?"

"Bin over to the Bird." ("The Bird" was the familiar local description of the Eagle.)

"Wot did they play?"

"Oh, the Hockteroon an' Jack Robinson's Monkey. They was all right, but they made a rare mess o' Maria Martin. I've seen the pore creetcher wiped out in a barn, in a pallis, and in a Hingwig wigwam, but, demmyise, it's the fust time I ever seed 'er shorted in a chemist's shop!"

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS BIRDIE SUTHERLAND.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS



No. 435.—MISS FLORENCE PERRY.

"Her grace and beauty hold my heart in thrall."

—The Dook Snook.

"A queen amongst the favoured fair." —Lord Bob.

"She scorns my love, yet I am still her slave."

—The Hon. Billy.

(1) Ever seen George Edwardes in a rage? No! Then if you ever do, stand clear. A. SLOPER didn't, and got an awful banging. —(2) "You don't get no sympathy from me, Alexander," said Mrs. S., as she applied a fine piece of steak originally intended for the Hon. Billy, who was coming to meat tea next day, "you shouldn't go where you was forbid." "But I went in the cause of Literature and Art, my love, and expected George to receive me with open hand, not a doubled-up one." The fact is A. SLOPER had been to interview Miss Birdie Sutherland, in the course of which said he, "And is it true, Miss Sutherland, that you desire an opportunity of exhibiting your talents in comedy?" "That is so, Mr. SLOPER." "Then I think I can assist you." "How?" And the beautiful blue eyes lit up with pleasurable anticipation. "Thus: I here offer you an engagement at the Frivolity! You shall have a comedy written for you by any author you may name, and shall play lead in our famous bur-

lesques!" —(3) (When Tootsie afterwards heard of this she was furious, and told Lord Bob he would have to buy her a theatre; to which Bob, whose exchequer would not furnish the price of a toy one from the Lowther, of course said, "Certainly, my darling, certainly.") Here a happy idea struck the Eminent. "Why not star in America?" —(4) On! Miss Sutherland—Birdie, let us go together, and I will be your manager! In that free country I can easily get a divorce! Say, Birdie, say! Will you be my wife?" Then a strange thing happened. He felt the strong hand of George Edwardes grip him by the collar. The reader can guess the rest. —(5) And instead of A. SLOPER flying from the Home of Burlesque that night on the wings of Love, as he anticipated, he did so in quite another way. Since the interview A. SLOPER has been a little uneasy in mind as well as body. Where could he raise £5000? But, there, Miss Sutherland is as merciful as she is beautiful, and possibly nothing more may come of it.

AN OPTIMIST.



"Am I still makin' the runnin'?" Rather! I've just taken a bad 'arf thick 'un, my smoke's down with the staggers, an' my donah's chucked me for the cat's-meat bloke. 'Ooray! Never say die!"

THAT FINISHED THE BUSINESS.



Yiddish Party. Go away, I say, go vay; I tell you 'am not vell. Steward (with malicious unction). Ah, and a delicious loin of pork for dinner to-day.

McNAB'S TAILOR HAS A NEW STOCK OF "TRIMMINGS."



(1) As the Elder oozed into Wee McBobbin's the ither afternin, intent upon a new rig-out, he took in the whole situation at a glance. —(2) "The new Paris fashions in kilt will suit ye grand, McNab," shrieked the wee farden-faced tailor. —(3) Then the Elder, in his kindest way, covered him ower and left him to peaceful repose.

BRUTE!

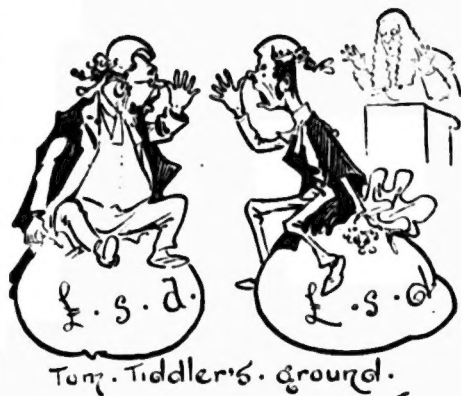


Wife. Awfully sorry that pudding I made yesterday has made you so ill and wretched. Husband. It isn't that, dear, that worries me; but I could kick myself for not asking Jones here to dine. Wife. I thought you detested Jones? Husband. So I do.

YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM



"You're a naughty, naughty boy, Bertie, and if I catch you speaking to her again I won't love you."



Tony Tiddler's Ground.



Hunters at Slingshot.



Taking to the Thames.



"ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MARNON"



Successful Savoyards.



Sardony Steeplechases



Saved.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

The lawyers must have scooped a pile. In fighting the Petition trial:—At Islington, last week, you know, They held a first-rate Hunter Show:—For some days past, you've doubtless seen, Both crews upon the Thames have been:—All sons of Erin, with one voice, Upon St. Patrick's Day rejoice:—The long estranged Savoyards score A very big success once more:—The recent meeting was, they say, A splendid one in every way:—Brace Ellis Roberts, may your deed, Of true reward

receive its meed.—"Shure, and it's thirty spalpeen indade as boasts Ould Oireland for his birthplace and won't kape a light heart in him on the savenienteenth. St. Patrick was a gentleman, and the pathron saint of the Emerald Oile, and didn't he turn the snakes out of it too, by the powers." The above effusion is the work of Mr. McGooseley, in a moment of temporary sobriety. Mac says he's an Irishman to the backbone, but he's a bit weak at brogue.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM OF DOMESTIC FELICITY.



"Oh! who would not be a married man?"

WASN'T TAKING THE ORDER.



"You seem disturbed, Farmer." "Disturbed? I should think so. See that darned artist? Well, when I brings out the old grey mare, and says I'd like her painted piebald, he calls me a bally fool and walks off. They are a independent lot."

A NATIONAL QUESTION.



Brown. She says her father is the German Consul.

Jones. That can't be true. I heard only yesterday that her mother is a French polisher.

TOO MUCH FOR POMPEY.



De Boss. Tell them to send round a dozen of Blue Point oysters and a bottle of Guinness's stout. Now what are you going to ask for?

Pompey. Well, mass'n, I got the dozen of Guinness's oysters right 'nuff, but 'tis them blue tips as gits me.

A-N-OVAL FRIENDSHIP.



After the Ball—Scrapping an Acquaintance.

ALLY-CAMPANE.



sincerely congratulate London upon its acquisition.

A FOREIGN woman applied to the Bow Street magistrate the other day for assistance in finding an acquaintance who had mysteriously disappeared. The missing individual's name turned out to be Sholoo Umbetiquisaughanghams. We shouldn't wonder if the poor man had made away with himself.

THE very latest wonder is the Cinematographe. It is an invention similar in principle to Edison's Kinetoscope, and the intelligent galleryite we heard describe it as "a movin' photograrf machine" was very near the mark. The movement and bustle of a crowd, the incoming waves, the moving train, carriage, horse, or bicycle, the busiest scenes in everyday life can be depicted upon the lantern sheet, with absolute exactitude. Marvellous, but true, as you will discover upon paying a visit to the Empire, where the Cinematographe is proving a huge item of attraction.

ITALY has indeed fallen a victim to its ambition to pose as a Great Power. The maintenance of the large army necessary to qualify it for that dignity has been a severe strain upon its resources, and that army fails lamentably upon the first serious occasion, when it should have been useful. England, with its long-continued annexation policy, has no right to cast a stone at the country that would fain follow her lead, but it must be obvious to all that the Abyssinian invasion was a most unprovoked one, and whilst sympathising with the Italian corps upon their terrible disaster, we must congratulate the Emperor Menelik and his braves upon the crushing defeat inflicted upon the would-be spoilers of their country.

THE Tottering Edifice has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon GEORGE HUMPHREYS, because he's a capital character vocalist. "Feyther," hazarded the Cerulean-Orbed, "I'm glad to see you've planted a diploma onter George, cos he'd be particular 'ard to beat in his line, I can tell you. I could listen to Humphreys all the evening, and never get the lump." And when the Moss-Grown awoke to the conviction that his offspring intended this as a joke, he arose in his wrath, and loud and piercing were the shrieks that for the next ten minutes disturbed the habitual quiet of Battersea.

SPAIN produced an unusually prolific crop of chestnuts last season. Those who sat out some of the London and provincial pantoos this year will agree that England also held her own.

THE cuckoo and the nightingale have both been heard thus early in many parts of the country. The entire absence of the oof bird, however, in the neighbourhood of Mildew Court is giving both A. SLOPER and his creditors much cause for anxiety.

WE are happy to allay public anxiety by the announcement that up to the present, Snatcher has shown no symptoms of rabies, or other form of indisposition. His normal appetite is fully maintained, and like his illustrious master, his capacity and partiality for liquid refreshment remains abnormal.

A GENUINE Irish opera, that is the best description of *Shamus O'Brien*, the clever and tuneful work of Professor Villiers Stanford now drawing delighted audiences to the Opera Comique. An Irish story, Irish humour and Irish, or should we say, Irishy music? That Professor Stanford is capable of good and serious work we all know; that he can write such light but valuable music comes as a surprise to many who had prophesied a too academic severity in the score of the new opera. Lovers of music, lovers of comic opera, lovers of the Emerald Isle, and its heaven-sent wit and humour, must see *Shamus O'Brien*. It is a treat on no account to be missed.



MR. F. N. BLOOMBERG, trading as a Dress-Shoe Maker, at 63 Mare Street, Hackney, has just had the "Sloper Warrant" conferred upon him. He has been appointed Trotter-case maker to A. SLOPER.

THE MUZZLING ORDER.



Boy (to Park Policeman). 'Ere y'ar! you can reach that there collar better'n wot I can. But I can 'old 'im, wunst it's fixed.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

FROM her mother's home a maiden strayed
In the grey of the grumous gloaming;
Sauntered by meadow and croft and glade,
With the joy of a careless roaming.
Sauntered, till led by the hand of Fate
To a garden with roses laden,
And lo! at the gate Mage Merlin sat—
To whom the innocent maiden:
"Fresh to my sight is this comely bower,
And my heart by the sight is gladdened.
May I enter, and pluck me a flower, a flower?"
And the soul of the seer seemed saddened.
"As it was in the dawning of worlds," sighed he,
"Is now, and for ever and ever shall be!"
"Now, nay, good sir, but your tones are low!"
And sage Mage Merlin lifted
His voice, and answered, "The flowers that grow
In this Garden of Love are gifted
With a dower of pain, from a boon of bliss
That dies ere you've well enjoyed it.
Pass, an ye will, to my garden, miss—
But I would ye would e'en avoid it!"
The maiden gazed at the grave old man:
Her soul on his words seemed centred:
Now hot, now chilly, her young blood ran:
She reddened—she paled—she entered!
As it was at the building of worlds—ah, me!—
Is now, and for ever and ever shall be!

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 28TH, 1896.

22nd March, 1846.—John Liston, the comic actor, this day died mad at Knightsbridge.

23rd March, 1849.—Elizabeth Hughes, fortune teller and "Familiar with Angels," died this day.

24th March, 1889.—This day, at the Liverpool Assizes, it was stated that a servant girl left a child enclosed in a tin box on the platform of the London Road Station, Manchester, having previously administered to it a narcotic cordial. The box was taken by train to Liverpool, and next day the crying of the child led to its discovery, and it was taken to the Workhouse, where, however, it died some days afterwards from the combined effects of the drug and of the neglect and exposure. His lordship sentenced the mother to eight months' hard labour only, believing that she had acted entirely under the influence of her lover. With regard to the latter, his lordship strongly condemned his heartless conduct, observing that he had first betrayed a respectable young woman, then taken her away and deserted her, and finally tempted her into crime. The sentence upon him would be that of five years' penal servitude.

25th March, 1687.—Evelyn speaks this day of a man seeking sanctuary from bailiffs in St. Martin's Church, a drawn sword in his hand.

26th March, 1699.—A whale was this day caught in the Thames, 56 feet long.

27th March, 1681.—Under this date is recorded: "An extraordinary sharp and cold spring, not yet a leaf on the trees, frost and snow lying."

28th March, 1845.—Tawell, the profligate Quaker, was hanged this day for murder.

UP TO DATE.



Butler (to the family ghost). 'Ere, I say, Sir Marmadook, what yer givin' us?
Family Ghost. Oh, must be with the times, don't yer know; this is my New Photography get up—saucy, ain't it?

A. SLOPER ESQUIRE ON ART (ANCIENT).



"Yes, the collection is pooty, but in bad repair—dem'd bad repair."

PERSONAL DIRECTION.

OLD Bill—but, no, on second thoughts, we will not mention names. An individual we know, whose nasal organ is, to say the least of it, not remarkable for its Grecian elegance, rather curiously asked his way of a crusty stone breaker. "First to the right, and first to the left," was the reply; "foller yer nose, and yer can't miss it."

TO THE DEATH.

It was an appalling quarrel. *Sacré bleu!* and *Gott in Himmel!* The Comte de Boulevard was perfectly furious. The Baron von Lagersviller foamed with rage.

The Comte had expressed his opinion of the Baron in the word "Pig!" The Baron had retaliated with "Dog!" A blow had passed, a scuffle ensued, the friends of both parties intervened, and now the demands of honour were to be satisfied.

Blood—red, warm blood—alone could wash away the insult. M. le Comte positively shrieked for gore. The Baron thirsted for the crimson fluid.

It must be a duel to the death. The principals, the seconds, everybody who had witnessed the outrage, were thoroughly agreed upon this point.

But the weapons? Here was a difficulty. No one could decide who was the challenger. It was doubtful even who was the striker of the first blow.

The Comte favoured pistols. The Baron demanded swords. The seconds wrangled among themselves, but neither party



would give way. What was to be done? It was impossible that the matter could be overlooked. All France would rise in indignation. Someone must die.

At last came a suggestion. Le Vicomte de Vermuth had an idea. It was to put the combatants into a darkened room, arm them with daggers, and give them half an hour to kill each other.

The seconds approved highly of the scheme. The friends were charmed with its novelty. The host looked doubtful. He thought that the affair would make rather a mess of the carpet, but no matter; that in the *petite salon* would soon need renewing. They should fight in there.

The principals alone seemed to think badly of the suggestion. Could it be that the fiery Comte trembled? Was it possible that the gallant Baron could turn pale?

But there was nothing else to be done. The company was enchanted at the prospect of the novel duel. The opponents were armed with deadly stilettos from their host's collection of weapons and ushered into the *petite salon*. The lights were extinguished, the door locked, and the rivals left to fight it out.

The friends and seconds retired to discuss the probable outcome of the conflict. Betting as to who would prove victorious ruled high. The Marquis Vin Ordinaire made a big book on the event.

The half-hour struck; the allotted time was up. Excitedly the party made its way to the fatal chamber. They listened. All was still, as still as death.

Solemnly the key was turned in the lock, the door was thrown open, and fearful as to what bloody sight might meet the gaze, the company filed into the apartment.

Parbleu! What was this? M. le Comte, his hair on end, pale, trembling, and skulking in the shelter of a sideboard! The brave eating Baron, in a similar plight, crouching beneath a sofa!

Alas! Alas!

HEREDITY.

"No, gen'elmen," said the boozier, as he lifted his fourteenth "go" unsteadily to his lips, "no, gen'elmen, I'm not a drunkard—far from it; but my great-grandfather was bitten by a mad dog, and all our family have had a horror of water ever since."

SNATCHER'S PALS.



No. 2.—COLLAREM.

Collarem, good at collaring! Why, says Snatcher, he collared his own collar once, and took it to our family pawnbroker and asked him what he would lend on it, and after he was ordered out, the worthy tradesman missed a flat-iron, a German flute, and a family Bible, which he distinctly remembered seeing quite safe before Collarem entered the shop. He once was hired by a blind man. "Queer," said the blind man, "but ever since I've 'ad this dog I don't git a bally copper, and this was allus a good pitch, too." The fact is, Collarem used to dexterously catch the money intended for the little tin pot, strapped to his dishonest chest, in his mouth, and when the blind man was a-bed used to go on the sly with the proceeds. But he was bowled out at last through being loaned to another blind man, who could see a bit; with the result that he discovered there is some truth in the old adage, that the truly deserving receive more kicks than half-pence in this noisy world.

(To be continued.)

FOOD FIGHTS.

(In some parts of London, Eating Contests at certain Coffee-houses, Taverns, etc., are in vogue.)

THE very latest "contest" catch, appears to be the Munching Match, Where Gorgers meet To wildly eat, For sundry sorts of wagers. They back themselves to gobble steaks, and chops, and "veg," and cheese and cakes, And other food, That can be chewed By good old "wolfing" stagers!

And while these Heavy Grubbers grub chop-house, "pub," or so-called "club," 'Neath Fortune's frown, In every town, Poor workless folk are starving!

These food-fights might be better fought, If they poor foodless devils sought. Let these (made warm) Display their "form" On what these hogs keep carving!



A COUNTRY COUSIN.

A BRIGHT blue omnibus, starting from the historic "Angel" atlington, was rumbling slowly westward, via Shaftesbury Avenue, and in it sat a smart young man-about-town, and a very rustic cousin. Wondrous indeed were many of the things he had seen, and, with to relate, his unworthy relative had been "rubbing it into" him a little. New streets, all lighted by electricity, Road-car drivers wearing tall hats by the company's order, bobbies with their chains for stray dogs—it took a bit of grasping by a provincial chappie.

As the bus turned into Rosebery Avenue the conductor entered. His left hand were three bundles of tickets, held together by a rubber band, and an asthmatic bell-punch. He advanced to where the young man sat and held out his right hand. "I forgot to tell you," whispered the wicked town cousin into his relative's ear, "but these chaps are ordered to be polite to passengers—particularly provincial ones—and, as you see, he wishes to shake hands with you."

Instantly the countryman rose to his feet. A great smile of pleased satisfaction spread all over his generous countenance. With loud and cheerful "Very well, thankee, and 'ow are you?" he grasped the conductor's hand and shook it again and again with that peculiar pump-handle twist that is given when the shaker is in dead earnest, and not merely doing it for outward politeness sake. Did the other passengers roar? Well, what do you think?

A WAY OUT OF IT.



"Thanks, no; I'm dying for a drink, but I make it a rule never take one before twelve." "That's all right, my boy, come round the Peacock and take half a dozen."

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

35 OLDHAM ROAD, ROYTON, LANCASHIRE, March 20th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my heartiest thanks for the splendid diploma you sent me. I received it all safe on Saturday morning, and returned the box Saturday afternoon, as requested. I have had lots of friends in to see it, and they are quite delighted with it, as I myself am also. I did think that you had forgotten me, but I suppose you have quite a number from all parts of the world, and therefore it must take some time to oblige all. In return for your kindness, I intend ordering a figure of SLOPER—just the bust—and having the right arm fitted with bottle to lift up to his mouth, the left arm fitted with the proverbial gingham, also movable. Mr. S. will chat with me about his paper, and will afterwards give a short speech with the aid of his gingham, relating the benefits conferred upon man by his good self. Again thanking you, and assuring you of my loyalty, I remain, yours truly,

PROFESSOR VALTO. F.O.S.

CITUAISHUNS I HAVE LEFT.

THE RECKERLEKSHUNS OF ELIZABETH MIFFINS ("GENERAL"). CHAPTER 5.

I DO not purpose to dwell in details on the veryus evence wich occurred durin the rest of mi sta at Muther Grubben's, has she was korrid. Has the poit remark, i kood a tail unfold, but beim reluctant to arrer up the blud of mi reeders with the meny oribul rellyvashuns konectid with the dermostick ikonormy of the istablisshmint i wil tuch but litley on the subjeck. Takun has a hole i was not faverly impresed with the borders, who seamed tu me, with wun or 2 iksephuns, a pore, sily, conseated kru, but mi art went out in symperthy with them as i stood watchin with bated breth the meny revoltin kullinary preppyrashuns for thair meels. if thay kood any have sean the ushul maner of maikin soop thay wood have shudered at the naim ever arftur, and has for kurries, and ashes, and frickerseas, not tu menshun stoos and minses, thay wood 'ave stud agast.

It was in referrence tu wun of the later that i wunce agane kum tu wurdas with Muther G.

"Mary," she sez tu me, lokkin up the beaf in the meet saif, "i doant want that joint tuched agane til to-morow nite, but there's plenty of minsed veel left over wich yu and Henery—meenin Adolfus—can have for your supper."

"Thank yu, men," i sez, wishin tu put it as dellykately as poserbul, "but minses never did agre with mi konstitooshun."

"Wot!" she sez, thaimin up, "do yu meen tu tel me yu want heet it? Whi, thay was ori delited with it upstares, and Mister Baker 'ad tu elpins."

"Yes, men," i sez, tho i felt a hintence pity welin up in my hart for Mister Baker. "Yes, men," i sez, "but then thay didunt none of them se it maid."

"Yu inserlent hussey," she shrieks, arf chokin with pashun. "Yu bad, impurtyint, shaimles crechur, wot do yu meen bi that? 'Ow dare yu tork tu me in this wa. Not anuther thing parses your lips in this 'ouse til yu have heetun that minse, and i shal stop and se yu do it."

"Then," i ansers, mi blud bein up, and knoin that Adolfus was ankashu awatein the konklusshun of the konflikt, "then, men, yule have tu wate til yer 'air terns wite, if it ain't a wigg, as i arf serspecks, for i wood suner starve furst."

"Then du," she skreems, furiously, "not a skrap of ennything else do yu 'ave."

Adolfus glarnsed akorse at me with a luk of deespare, and the gaiz of his flashin i's moved me tu a suprem effut.

"Very well," i sez; "then not bein kut out for the livvin skellytun bismis, i takes myself orf tumorer."

"And i shell detane your boxis," sez she. "In wich kas," i replys, "i shell summuns you foor them, and explaine to the kort the exack reesuns wi i obyektid tu the minse, and p'aps sum of the borders will feal intrestid in the diskloshurs, perticklery Mister Baker wot ad tu 'elpe."

From the oribul luk of malignant pashern wich overspreyd her countynence, and the tryhump in the i of Adolfus i kau that mi shot 'ad struk ome.

Foor sum minnits she was speachless with indignashun, then she sez, sternli: "Very wel, Mary," she sez, "sinse yu are lost tu orl sence of shaim yu leaves mi servis tumorer. On secound thorts i wil not kondysend to argu with a persun of your stamp, but doant never expectk a karryeekter from me."

And with that she gose out, slamin the doar arfter er, and Adolfus projooses the brod and cheese 'o konsensals at varius times, with wich scanty fair we alays the nawin pangs of 'unger.

(To be continued next week.)

AT A MILITARY BALL.

As you may have read in one or other of the papers, the troopers of the Royal Horse Guards gave an up-to-date military ball the other night, to their sweethearts and friends, at the Portman Rooms. There was no end of jollity there, for a function of this sort is not permitted to regiments of the line; but nobody extracted more fun out of the kick-up than a certain young gentleman, who, though he mixes a good deal with the military of an evening—at their chosen taverns in Oxford Street—puts in his six days a week behind the ribbon-counter at a famous drapery house in the thoroughfare aforesaid.

For, in a conspicuous position on the breast of his dress-coat, he wore a silver medal. Upon it was a weird device, something between a cornucopia and a clock-face—or, possibly the two things mixed—beneath which, upon a chased scroll was the thrilling legend, "For Valour."

First one trooper noticed it, then another "piped it off," and a third made bold to ask the wearer how long he'd left the army. The girls who had danced with the valorous young ribbon-vendor made whispered enquiries of their military cavaliers as to the mysterious decoration, and finally the thing became a matter of so much curiosity, that a committee of soldier-boys was told off to watch the young man with the decoration into the refreshment-room, and there interrogate him upon the point.

"Excuse me, mister," said the spokesman, when at last they got the envied fellow fairly in the corner, "but is that some sort o' Victoria Cross you're wearing; the words is exactly similar!"

"This decoration was awarded me for valour," replied Alonzo, coldly.

"Where? In the battlefield?"

"Well, not exactly," owned Alonzo, "but in quite as terrible a place—in Crayon and Chippertwill's counting-house. Old Crayon, our boss, ye know, is a terrible old bully, but I was the one that faced him and threatened to lead a strike unless he agreed to the early-closing order on Thursdays. I can tell you it took some doing—"

But roars of unsympathetic laughter and the clanking of retreating spurs were all that remained; the hero of the half-holiday was again alone.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A MASTER-PEACE of Cunning: Master Peace (Charley), the burglar.

"MAYED in Germany": An Englishman who stayed there from April 30th to June 1st.

"NONSENSE Verses" may be described, in one word, as absurd-(d)it(t)ies!

"PARTING Drinks": Distributing a quart of ale into four tumblers.

A DUAL Pronunciation: British actresses get kudos by losing jewels; French actors by fighting them!

BIRDS SLOPER'S CAUGHT AND KEPT. "WHERE'S THE SALT, FEYTHUR?"—ALEC.



No. 7.—THE WOODPECKER.

"The Fates may frown upon my Fortune's barque, And in the many shoals in Life's sea wreck her; Yet, what care I? the day indeed were dark, On which I could not still keep up my Pecker."

—A. SLOPER, Poet Laureate, etc.

FATE AND THE TRAM.

You can believe in Fate, or you can't, or you won't. I daresay, though, that Fate doesn't trouble herself whether you can, you can't, or you won't. Boats go about when they change their tack. Things also come



about that you don't exactly like when you change your tack.

This was the case with Polly Saunders. Polly was snub-nosed and plump, and blue-eyed and saucy. Polly worked at a British cigar factory. There she learnt much that didn't do her any particular harm. Perhaps, however, a little more than most decidedly did.

She was engaged to Joe Higgins. Joe had a good place as a packer in a warehouse. He was a decidedly good sort of Joe.

"I like to make him jealous, though," said Polly to Susan Smith, who worked beside her. "Fancy his not wanting me to go on as an extra lady at the Tufton Park Theatre—it's only a suburban theatre—not like the Frivolity, where all the swells is."

Susan thought a bit. "You ought to think yourself lucky, Polly, to have anyone to think so much about you."

Susan sighed. She wasn't exactly a good-looking specimen of the factory girl. She was good-tempered and modest. These are virtues that average young lads don't understand. When a girl's good-tempered they like to say that she hasn't got any bally spirit. When she's modest they say that she hasn't got anything in her.

Polly did become an extra lady. She went on at the Tufton Park Theatre in the pantomime. Her dress was intended to portray a Robin, only the illusion was destroyed by her wearing so very much less clothing than that red waistcoated bird.

Joe took to fretting; then to swearing; then to drink; then to becoming a tram-car conductor.

Now the yard that Joe's tram went to was at the back of the Tufton Park Theatre. Now the dressing-rooms of the Tufton Park were, some of them, oddly enough, in the basement.

One night, Joe was on top of the tram, as it turned round from the High Street to the tram-yard. A gleam of light came up from the grating in the pavement at the back of the theatre. Joe could see plainly into the room below.

There was Miss Polly, now Flossie Montmorency, in fascinating burlesque costume, smoking a cigarette, and chatting affably with a gentleman, or carl, in evening dress.

"That long swell again," said Joe. Joe was a sensitive man who never mentioned anything to anyone. The only change about him was that the next day or two he was perfectly sober. At the same time, cheerful and good-tempered.

"Glad to see you like this, Joe," said the yard manager. "You'll be doing better things."

That night, at ten P.M., when the lane that led to the tram-yard was quite empty, something very strange happened. The report of a revolver and a scream in the basement dressing-room. Someone had shot Polly in the thigh through the grating, or someone had aimed at the long swell and the bullet had deflected and hit Miss Polly.

Joe, of course, had nothing to do with it. At least, no one thought of bringing it against him. Polly had not seen him for months, and didn't know even that he was on the tram-line. He had never mentioned Polly's name to anyone, so that they weren't in any way connected.

Polly having become a limper, had to go back to cigars.

Joe got back his old place as a packer. Got a better place. Got on in the world. Married Susan Smith. He was apparently happy, but always rather extra serious. Never ill-natured. Polly became an invalid and went to the workhouse. Was it Joe who did the job or not? The other day £200 was sent to Polly in untraceable quids. Was it Joe's conscience money? Can't say.



THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EASY SHAVING ON MONKEY ISLAND.



No. 421.—MR. FRED S. JENNINGS, F.O.S.
 "Our hero was born at Darlington in 1872, and is the second son of Mrs. Titman (Jennings), proprietress of the Theatre Royal, Darlington, and brother of that well-known and enterprising theatrical caterer, Mr. Tom Jennings. Fred was educated for a barrister, but the smell of the footlights was too much for our young friend, and by much plotting and scheming he finally made his appearance in 1889 in *Hands Across the Sea*. Two years in America followed this, after which Mr. J. returned to England, and has since been playing principal parts in such pieces as *Romany Rye*, *Arabian Nights*, *Twelfth Night*, *Ben My Chree*, *£1000 Reward*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Ingomar*, *Virginian*, *Gamester*, *Lady of Lyons*, *School for Scandal*, *Hunchback*, *Ring of Iron*, *Love and Honour*, *Fallen Among Thieves*, *Fight for Honour*, etc., and is now playing Lord Harry Dudley in his brother's piece, *The Hand of Justice*. Chiefly because he's one of the coming light comedians he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, February 29th, 1896."—*Debut Improved*.



Assistant. Would you like your teeth scaled, sir?

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?

AT THE HUNT STEEPLECHASES



Bookmaker. Great Scott! What a turn he gave me.
 Artist. Don't be alarmed; it's only my *lay figure*.
 Bookmaker. Lay figure! Good luck; I'll take 4 to 1 bar one.



"I should think the piece has run me into something! Why, that dress you have on cost me a fearful lump!"



Cora. Does "Lovely Woman" stay?
 Jack. Most of 'em do, I fancy; you ought to know.

THE TRUE CAUSE.

IF HE COULD ONLY HAVE CAUGHT HIM.

GOOD BIZ!



"And when we are married, we'll go to Monte Carlo, Dick!" "Ah, I see you haven't forgotten your winning ways."



"No, sir, the redness of my complexion is *not* owing to drink. It is caused by grief, sir—grief at the smallness of the imperial pint, as compared with the vastness of an average human thirst!"



Small Boy. Hiv' ye any dry fish to-day?
 Shopman. Aye, lots.
 Small Boy. Well, gi'e them a drink.



The portrait of fair Lady May Who took part in an amateur play, And displayed such ability, Legs and agility, That a duke made an offer next day.



Waiter. No, sir, roast fowl's off, but boiled vulture's gizzard is very nice to-day, sir.
 Old Gentleman (pathetically). Oh, Christopher! What price brandy at this establishment?